North Asheville History Project

TRANSCRIPT—Linda Dunlop

Interviewee:	Linda Dunlop
Interviewer:	Betty Moore
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Start of Audio file 1

Betty Moore: So, we were told at first to sort of tell why we're here and I'm going to give you a few things. You probably know that we are volunteers with the Buncombe County Library System and have had a very little bit of training and orientation but we're doing this to help out staff. We're starting a project to hopefully get oral histories from a lot of the neighborhoods in Asheville. Some have already started—Montford and West Asheville—kind of on their own in their branch libraries. But this is a pilot project. We were told that there won't really be any mistakes, just do what we can and try and we can always call you back if we forget something. But if you want to have these [pamphlets], this is a little bit about local history, and you got the thing about the North Carolina Room, they're the ones who are sponsoring it. Besides getting interviews, they are interested in pictures that you brought and some people have also turned in artifacts and they've got some things like school year books but some they're missing some copies and sometimes people even have church directories or club memorabilia so sometimes once people get their memory going they start thinking, 'Well, I'm not sure what I'll do with this, would the library like it?' If you'd like to be a friend of the library—.

Linda Dunlop: Okay, thank you.

BM: —that's just $15 a year, that's friend of the history room, the North Carolina Collection. A wonderful thing that you get if you want it, is an email blog called Heard Tell, like 'I heard tell that the circus is coming to town.' They send something often with pictures and stories of what somebody else has turned in, and so sometimes it would say,

you know, the Beaver Lake area, or there were some on Grace, the community near here. So that's a cool thing. There are some forms and we don't even have to do this right now, but even to do a sound recording, and if you loan things for us to scan pictures, and if you actually donate things, it says, 'I transfer copyrights that I possess to the North Carolina Collection.' So instead of you having to read all this and decide, you might just want to take some of this home with you. Then after we talk, not right now but when Alice gets back from vacation, she's going to help listen and transcribe and then you'll have a chance to look it over and see, 'Oh wait, I didn't mean to say this name, it was really Joe instead of Bob,' or whatever or if there's something in there you think, 'Oh my, that's kind of personal. Maybe I'd rather not have other people read this.' Because the hope is that then people will be able to look up what you tell and have access online as well as in the library. So you'll have a chance to look at that. So, they gave us all these questionnaires, where were you born and your parents names, and somebody else told me, 'You know, really, a lot of times you just need to ask one question and then the person just takes over and you don't really need to—. But these are interesting things, just things that happened in the neighborhood, so if we run out of things to say, there are some other ideas that might help us get going. First, let's be sure, did I get your name spelled right?

LD: Right. It's D-u-n-l-o-p but my maiden name is Ledbetter, L-e-d-b-e-t-t-e-r. And my mom and dad who built the house in 1947, her name was Peggy and Bryan B-r-y-a-n Ledbetter.

BM: Did you have brothers and sisters?

LD: No, I'm an only child.

BM: Now I am such a note taker, but I don't really need to take all that. Alice is. But still, I may jot some things if I don't want to interrupt you and I want to ask you later. But I'll try not to write down everything since she's going to do it and then we'll also have the recorder to listen to. So you said they built the house. Did they live in Asheville before that?

LD: Yes. My dad was from Edneyville and he was the oldest of nine children and my mother was from Mars Hill/Paint Fork area and she was one of eight children and they had a rough growing up and they decided they wanted out of that. So Dad dropped out of school when he was sixteen and when he figured out—. I can remember him telling—you may not want to hear all this—but they used to have oxen and so they had an apple farm in Edneyville and they would load the apples up with the oxen in a big old

cart and they would go down the mountain to South Carolina. They'd have to camp out overnight, and sell apples and come back and get more. So Daddy walked to Christ School. I don't know if you know where Christ School is, and he got one of the fathers, I'm not sure who he was, to let him and he graduated from there and went to Detroit, because that's where the jobs were in the twenties and he met mother at Grove Park, they both worked at Grove Park. I have small pictures of Grove Park too. I ended up working there at the pool. But anyway, he sent for her and they got married and they saved all their money and I can remember Daddy telling me that when the stock market crashed he got up at two o'clock in the morning and stood in line at the bank to get his money out, because they'd been saving money. So they saved their money. He bought a 300-acre farm out in Madison County. They lived on Annandale, which is in Asheville. They had a little apartment there and that's where I came after I was born. And so they decided that they wanted to build a house, they wanted Beaver Lake, and they looked everywhere but when they were getting ready to build, there was a really nice pool down there, huge pool with a clubhouse and big sandy area and so they didn't want to be too close to it, because of the noise and stuff, so they bought a lot three houses up from the lake on Glen Falls and built a house there. And one of my first memories—. We didn't have many neighbors, the lot next to us, there were no houses, just woods. The lot above us was woods. Mom and Daddy looking back wished they'd bought two lots, and set the house in the middle of it because of the closeness of the neighbors. But, I was just jotting down, there were probably one, two, three, four, five, maybe six houses on Glen Falls Road when they built. Lots of woods and my first memory was the big house across the street. It was a big, huge two-story with elevated landings in the grass. And I decided that somebody very rich had to live there, because it was so huge and it was a Mr. and Mrs. Goodman and I don't know where they came from or what they did but I know that they were affluent. And then one house up from them was a Mrs. Moss and she lived by herself. She was a widow. And I adored her, I absolutely adored her. She seemed like she was a hundred to me but you know I was only by then six or seven and she would call me, Christmas Day, every single year as long as she lived and as long as I was around and said, 'Santa Claus left something for you.' So here I'd go, Mama would stand on the porch watching me walk up there and she'd have a Christmas present for me and you know that tickled me to death. And then next to our house there was a lot and next to their house, Mrs. Cauble lived and she was also a widow. And Mama and she became really good friends, even though she was older than Mom, and her grandson who was also six, was my first boyfriend. I meant to find this picture, but we've got pictures of him sitting on a tricycle with me standing on the back. We looked like twins because we were blond-headed. He would come stay in the summer with her and when we were bad, mother and she would not let us play together so I had to stand out there on the driveway

and he'd sit on the bank and we'd just wave at each other. But those are the only ones, and of course Betty Moore, who lives two doors down from me. She lives in a colonial house and she was there before we were. So those were the houses on that street. And then they gradually built up over the years. Another thing that I remember which, other than the big Goodman rich man's house that I thought about, was there was a horse stable down—you know where the falls are on Glen Falls? Okay that whole area, that whole housing development was a horse stable and a horse farm and Mama and I would walk down there every day and I'd stand at the fence. They had a wooden fence like two slabs of wood and posts, and I would try to get the horses to come over so I could pet them. I guess that's when I fell in love with horses. And I got to go down to the barn with Daddy sometimes, and I look back and think, 'What a gorgeous place it was.' You know that whole area pastured, and different beautiful horses in there.

BM: Those horses—.

LD: And I don't know who owned it.

BM: Okay.

LD: I really don't. Those are two of my memories. And then I remember the pool because we would go down about once a week so I could learn to swim, which I didn't. But I can also remember these fountains, huge, huge fountains, concrete fountains out in the middle. It was a huge area. And those fountains would spurt water. And I just thought that was terribly cool. And then, I'm not sure when, probably in the fifties, late fifties, they had a couple of drownings down there and I can remember one of them. A young man, a teenager. I don't know how old I was, maybe twelve or so. And I remember standing at the fence, holding on to the fence, so sad about them not being able to find his body. And I can remember them forming a human chain, you know divers, just people who were volunteering to try—and they would hold on to each other, they would dive, and they may be this far apart from each other and that way they were able to check out the water and then I remember they found him at the bottom of one of the big old cement waterfalls that came out. I can remember that. And then not long after that, and I never did understand but I think it might have been the polio epidemic, I'm not sure when that was but they closed the pool and they took the fence down because it was all fenced in and there was a big barrier, a concrete rock barrier that ran across the pool, that separated the pool from the lake and you can still see part of it at the very very end because you can tell the pool was kind of an oval shape with half of it cut off and they used demolition to take down the wall between Beaver Lake and the pool and that was it for the pool. But, Daddy was an avid fisherman, okay? That's Dad. And so he loved to fish, so he worked

as an accountant in Asheville and then on the side we had the farm out in Madison County, raised cattle and tobacco and apples and all this other stuff and we had tenants, two tenants that lived on it and I'd go out in the summer and stay with them. I was a wild child in the mountains. [Laughter] Best of both worlds. The other thing, Mama tried to get me in school. I was five. My birthday's November 13th. The public school wouldn't take me because their cutoff was October and she wasn't about to keep me home another year so she sent me to St. Genevieve's. My parents' families, both of them, about disowned them because they were Baptists, dyed in the wool. 'Oh you're going to turn her into a Catholic. You'll be sorry you did this.' Anyway, I stayed there at prep school, first through eighth grade and at the academy. And I had the best of two worlds, I had the kind of upper class St. Genevieve's, although I wasn't, and then I had the tenant farmers in the summer. So that was a good thing. Anyway, fishing. Well, Daddy would go after work, and he'd go down to the lake to fish and I remember we ate fish every Friday, every Friday, and I said, 'Mama, that's Catholic.' She said, 'No, that's because we have time to cook out.' And I can remember lots of people coming over to enjoy Beaver Lake fish. And Daddy got some big ones. In fact I think he hooked the biggest one that was ever caught and some of these pictures show that. And there was an article in the paper.

BM: Oh, that's just wonderful.

LD: But his secret was, he was a good old mountain person, he knew that those bass liked to hang around rocks and of course they had taken that rock cement wall down so that's where they hung out. And so he had a boat, a little old paddle boat, just a little boat, so he's take my dog Inky and they'd out on the lake and hang around where the rocks—they had taken them down, and that's where he caught those fish. And my little Inky, who was a little black Heinz 57, would sit in the bow of the boat and just observe the world for hours and hours and hours and Mama told me, she said she was coming home on the bus one day and this lady said, 'Did you see that crazy old man out there with that dog in the boat?' And Mama said, 'Yes.' She said, 'He's out there fishing all the time with little old dog. He must be crazy.' And Mama didn't tell him that was her husband. [Laughter] But so I went to St. Genevieve's, graduated, gone ten years and I moved back into the house. I was going to sell the house after Mom died. I couldn't sell it. It was my home place. I could walk in and just feel tension go away and I always felt like Mom and Dad were kind of still there watching after me anyway. So I sold the house that I'd bought up on the mountain and moved in and have never regretted it. I've had lots of neighbors and of course they're always interested in things that have happened around there. I also remember a restaurant called Chez Paul.

BM: Chez Paul?

LD: Chez Paul. C-h-e-z P-a-u-l. And it was over kind of where Ingles parking lot is and that was a very upscale nightclub, very nice, and they tore that down. I can also remember we had a little house, down just a little bit below this library, where the bird sanctuary is, there used to a really pretty little rock—I think it was maybe a golf thing—and I found some pictures of it in the history downtown library. There's a whole bunch of pictures taken of Beaver Lake from its inception on up and I have a friend who used to work down there and she was telling me about it and I said, 'Oh please get them for me, just run them on paper.' But it shows both Chez Paul's and it shows the little clubhouse and how the lake was made and different times it was made and all that. So I was trying to remember things, and I lived there fourteen years, from the time I was—well thirteen years—from the time I was four until I left for college at seventeen. And it was a very quiet neighborhood. Everybody knew everybody, everybody took care of everybody. I can remember in the winters, when we had lots of snow, Glen Falls Road was an absolute wonderful place to sled, because it's downhill. And Mama then wasn't afraid to let me ride my bicycle around. I had my limitations, I couldn't go past the dam and I could ride up and down Glen Falls Road and Daddy got me a basket to put on the bicycle so I could put the dog in the basket. I'd walk her up hill, and then ride down. I guess we did that thirty times a day.

BM: How did you get to school?

LD: My parents took me. My dad took me to school and St. Genevieve's had their own bus but when you were in high school, they wouldn't let you ride the bus anymore, so I would walk down from St. Genevieve's, which was up kind of where A.B. Tech campus is, and Biltmore Avenue, catch a bus and go downtown and then transfer to the city bus that goes around Midland to this day. It's still runs the same track as it did then.

BM: That was one of the things that, when you said your mom rode the bus, I thought I want to ask because you know, this used to be kind of far from downtown.

LD: Yeah.

BM: And so I wondered what kind of transportation. Did your dad work downtown?

LD: He did. He worked for ABC Board.

BM: And so he would drive to work. Okay.

LD: I do remember this. This is terrible. One of the houses that was there—. Dad worked for a private CPA firm as an accountant, downtown, and they lived two doors up from me. The boss. Well, somebody came down and knocked on the door about ten o'clock one night and said that the wife of his boss had shot him and killed him in the house. I'm sure this is public knowledge. Do you think? I'm sure it is, it's Boyd Henderson was who it was. And so that was a shock in the neighborhood and it's funny in a way because his daughter ended up being my flower girl when I graduated from high school. Maybe his granddaughter, I guess it was. But anyway, Daddy lost his job because that was the business. So he went to work for ABC store downtown. It was on the brick road that's left, Market Street. That was where it was located before they moved. So he would drive to work everyday and he would drop me off at school and I'd take the city buses home in the afternoons. And then I was gone for ten years. I went to what was Women's College of the University of North Carolina, because they would not women in Chapel Hill as freshman, maybe two hundred and that was all. So junior year, they became, instead of Women's College, they became UNCG, and we let two hundred males on campus. And I can remember the racial issues because this was an early one, this was in 1964. We had maybe fifty black students and they wouldn't serve them down at The Corner, you know how colleges had a little place that the kids go. So we boycotted The Corner and we won. So they let them in.

BM: Could you tell a little bit more about that? That was one of the things on our list that if people remember things like this. This is so famous nationwide, not that this was the first ever—.

LD: Greensboro. Yeah.

BM: But Greensboro was one of the first main places.

LD: Yeah, I can remember the sit-in—.

BM: What was the first—?

LD: —at the Woolworth's, was it Woolworth's? Down in Greensboro. I wasn't there but I can remember reading about it.

BM: So that was Elm Street maybe?

LD: Uh huh, yeah.

BM: You said also that there was a little place on the corner, was that at UNCG?

LD: Well, it was at Women's College, at UNCG, and it was like, there was a movie theater, a couple little restaurants, a drug store, and a couple of things, and they wouldn't let the girls go to the movies.

BM: Was that on Tate Street?

LD: No, Tate Street—oh you're familiar with Greensboro?

BM: I went to UNCG.

LD: So did I. When did you graduate? I graduated in sixty-six.

BM: But the thing is, I went when I was fifty years old. [Laughter]

LD: Good for you.

BM: But in Aycock Auditorium, I think it still said 'WC' on those seats and I had other friends who graduated from WC.

LD: We couldn't wear pants. They finally let us wear pants, probably when I was a junior and we could only wear them to the cafeteria. But okay, let me go back.

BM: When you said you won—.

LD: We won—.

BM: Was that the place there closer to the campus?

LD: Right. It was right next to the campus and there was a couple of doctors offices in there and maybe a dentist, but the whole college—there were about four thousand women there—we decided collectively that we would not give them any business until they allowed all students to have access to everything. And it worked. It was interesting. We didn't picket or anything, we just didn't go. They got the message very fast.

BM: Do you know of things going on in Asheville during that time? You were away a lot so—.

LD: I was away ten years.

BM: I don't know when you came back.

LD: Well, I can remember Clark Pennell, who was the principal at Asheville High, well no, Lee Edwards, it was Lee Edwards back then. And he eventually became the principal at North Buncombe High School, and that's where I was as a counselor. I was there for thirty-something years. And he lived over on Jarnaul Avenue, which is in Beaver Lake, just one street over from Glen Falls, over there, and I can remember hearing about the race riots at Asheville High. I can remember hearing about them. I think I might have been gone. But I can remember him talking about it later because he would have bomb threats at his house, and it was just a horrible time. It was really just a horrible time. And oh, one of the other things that I remember, I would love to go to the Christmas parade here because Stephens-Lee, which was an all black high school, had the most marvelous marching band and majorettes I have ever seen in my life. Everybody came if nothing else just to see them and Santa Claus. And I was kind of puny growing up so I remember Mama took me up, had a friend who worked at Ivey's which was downtown, and they would let me watch out the window. But I can remember that band to this day. They were awesome. There is a picture at Lewis Rathbun House and I need to get it and make copies because I think it was Asheville. It's a picture of four little boys with their backs to you sitting on the curb watching the elephants being brought in and that to me, that was the circus because they would have to send them by rail to wherever and then walk them into town, and that was the elephant walk.

BM: So where did they have the circus? Where did you go watch it?

LD: You know, it had to be at the auditorium before it was really fancied up like it is now.

BM: Smaller size. But it was indoors, not in a big tent.

LD: It was indoors, yes. And I talked Daddy into taking me behind the lines one time, to see the elephants, because I thought they were pretty cool. And I remember going back there and one of the handlers let me pet the nose of one of them, the trunk. I was trying to remember some more things about the lake.

BM: Did people swim in the lake? Or they swam in the pool—.

LD: They swam in the pool.

BM: But then when the pool was gone, did they just mostly use the lake for fishing?

LD: Fishing, yes. And boating. No motors.

BM: More boaters.

LD: Yes, lots of boaters that fished. But they were only allowed row boats or canoes at that time.

BM: Could people who didn't live—was the lake only for Beaver Lake people, residents?

LD: It was supposedly owned by the residents, because I know we have to pay assessments.

BM: It was part of the homeowners association or whatever.

LD: Right. And they used to police the lake about fishing, really strictly. I know now you have to have a permit to fish down there and you have to have permits for the boats, but I don't remember if it was just residents because a lot of people come there now and sunbathe and it's gotten to where I think they've hired a full-time person down there to kind of walk around and make sure everybody who fishes has a license. But I don't remember Daddy mentioning—.

BM: With fewer people maybe just those, like your dad would've known who lived there and maybe they just sort of self—well, you mentioned that street, Jarnaul, and I used to have a friend on Alclaire and she said those names were made from putting two kids' names together or something like that.

LD: Really? The names of the roads?

BM: There were several that sound like—.

LD: Jarnaul, Alclaire. I know that—.

BM: I didn't know if you knew anything about that.

LD: No. I do know that Mr. Finklestein lived on the road one over from me, and he owned the Finklestein's, it used to be on Pack Square on the corner, I think there's a restaurant there and that was a well known place and they still have one but it's down on Broadway, I think, now. But Leo, his son, went to Gibbons Hall, which was the boy's school of St. Genevieve's and he and I would ride the city bus together and we hated each other. [Laughter] I'd look at him, he'd look at me, we'd never sit together. But anyway, I

ask about him, when I go to Finklestein's I always ask about him, where he is, I don't think he lives in Asheville. And I'll tell you somebody else, I have a cousin that lives on Jarnaul, and he could tell you tales that would probably stretch your ears and make your hair stand out about his escapades at Beaver Lake. He and Victor Workman, they were really best buddies. Victor owns a construction company and has a big place in Weaverville now but they were buddies growing up and they were all over that lake and Buddy is kind of a historian anyway. His name is Kelly Ray actually, but his cousin calls him Buddy. But he would be a good source for information and like I told you on the phone, Betty Moore has lived here longer than anybody. And I think her phone number's in the book. If not I can get it for you. She would be delighted because she was a realtor for years and years and she could tell you all about those houses.

BM: That sounds really good. If she would be willing, that would be great.

LD: Okay, so here's Mama's house, Mom and Daddy. Here's the house that they built next door, up. Mr. Goodman's house was across the street, a big old two-story, big old house. And they had a sand pile. His driveway came down and if you went straight you'd hit the sand pile, because they were building. My favorite place to play was the sand pile. So I would go out there and play in the sand pile every day. They'd come get the sand and it kept going down and down and I don't remember who it was that lived there, but I thought she was a movie star. So every time I saw her, I'd go, 'Hi movie star.' She was beautiful, you know. I don't even know who she was. But, the sand pile's here, so here I am back in the house, they forgot to put the brakes on the car on top of the driveway. The car went down and stopped over the sand pile, hit the bank and if I'd been there—of course I probably would have seen it and gotten out of the way, but I can remember that. Things will come back, I guess.

BM: Well another thing that, in our little meetings we talked about was who were the workers and even how did they get there. So, people like gardeners, maids, landscapers. You mentioned construction people. If we're talking to Betty Moore, and she lived there longer, she'll remember some different things than you do. I'm just sort of assuming that the people who lived around Beaver Lake were white. Were the workers who would come white too? Or were they black, or black and white or—.

LD: They were both because I remember—.

BM: Were they Cherokee or other—.

LD: They were probably African-American, a lot of the workers that came, because I remember there was an older man that Daddy would hire, he was a black man. And I just thought he was the cat's pajamas. He'd sing and you know I was little and I'd never seen a black man and I just really loved it. And I can remember him, I think his name might have been Willie, but I'm not really sure. But I can remember that when the house was about finished and Daddy started hiring him to do the yard work and stuff, they had paved the sidewalk from outside the back door that led to the driveway, and they had just put the cement down, and I remember—if his name was Willie—picked me up, I guess I was four maybe and he said, 'Now we're going to make footprints in this cement so that we'll always be there.' Do you know they're still there? They're still there. And Mom and Dad growing up on the farm were very frugal and so the back part of our lot, they had a huge garden, huge garden every year and I decided I wanted a garden so they put me in a little patch, a little corner patch, and I'd go up there at five, six years old and I'd hoe and water and just so proud of that. We had a freezer. They would take the vegetables and Mama would put them in the freezer so we eat on them during the winter, being the old farm cook she was, she was very frugal with food. We had chickens for a while.

BM: I wondered about something like that.

LD: Yes, we did. I have to tell you this. Daddy would get me either chickens or ducks at Easter.

BM: Okay, I remember.

LD: So here I get up Easter morning and I hear this funny noise in a box so I opened the box. It had holes in the box, it was like a shoe box. There were two little ducks in there. One was purple dyed, I don't know what color they were, but you know how they dyed them?

BM: Now I remember that too.

LD: Well I loved those ducks, so Daddy fenced in an area so they couldn't get out and I would fill a big old tub up with water and let them swim around in it, and I just loved them. Quack and Quack-quack. That was their names. Well, I came out one Easter and I was missing Quack-Quack. Well it was before Easter, it was the day before Easter, and I cried and cried and cried. Couldn't figure out how Quack-Quack got out. So, Daddy didn't say anything. I didn't think anything. I just thought maybe a fox had come gotten him or he'd gotten out or something, and I was just killed. Well Easter for dinner, Mama

had baked a chicken. And I looked at that and I said, 'Mama, that doesn't look like a chicken.' Because it had long legs and chickens don't have long legs. It was my Quack-Quack. I realized that it was Quack-Quack. Daddy turned pale and got up and left from the table. Mother, I don't remember what she did but nobody could eat it, so we sent it out to the tenants for them to have my Quack-Quack. I don't think I ever forgave her for that. [Laughter] Really. Let's see, what else? We had chickens but—oh yes. Alright the chickens. The chickens. My daddy would get me one, little Chick-Chick. Of course it was either purple, blue, red, or something. And we would keep it in the open garage. Well, for some reason every chicken he got me was a rooster, okay? Every one was a rooster. So when Chick-Chick got about this big he started crowing or whatever roosters do. Crow, I guess, in the mornings about five o'clock. Well, the neighbors' bedroom is right next to the driveway where the rooster was and that became an issue. I had three or four and Daddy promised that he took them out to the farm and let them loose. So, I don't know. We used to go down after they tore the pool down and I don't know if people still do it or not, but people would lose change and we'd find pennies, nickels, or something every once in a while digging around in the sand down there. Merrimon Avenue was the road, you know. I can't even remember, I'm sure Lakeshore was there because that was the bus route, so that's where I got off at the top of Glen Falls and Lakeshore and walked down the hill. And I can remember, we didn't have any restrictions on dogs, so dogs ran free. We didn't have to have them put up or anything. And I had little old Inky that I used ride in my bicycle and she lived to be seventeen. Ran all over that place. I can't think of anything else. Is there any more questions that you might have?

BM: They have more than you'll ever want to get into, but one of them is, what do you think made your neighborhood special or unique or what about quote North Asheville? Did people talk about North Asheville? Or did you just hear about the Beaver Lake area or did they say Lakeview Park or—I don't know.

LD: You don't hear Lakeview Park as much, Beaver Lake, North Asheville, it has pretty much maintained in my opinion a fairly quiet residential area, and if you talk to people who don't live in Beaver Lake, they have a tendency to think that's it's affluent, and maybe it is, but it's middle class, high middle class and maybe a few of those beautiful things that are built up off of Midland Drive, very, very nice. The thing that bothered me more than anything, okay, Reynolds Mountain. When I was coming up, he owned the whole mountain and you didn't see a light anywhere up there except for the very top where his house was. That more than anywhere had people move to the north because of all the upper-end developments that have been made on Reynolds Mountain. They're very expensive houses. And I think another thing is when Asheville Country

Club moved out to Beaver Lake instead of Beaver Lake Golf Club. Of course everybody knows that Biltmore Forest is Biltmore Forest. And I think a lot of people think of, maybe not young people so much in North Asheville/Beaver Lake area but settled people or young people who buy a house with kids that want to have a good neighborhood to let their kids grow up in—.

BM: When I think of some places, so I'll just say West Asheville, you know their reputation has changed a lot of different times.

LD: Gosh, yeah.

BM: When I think of the Beaver Lake area, I kind of think of it as more of a steady area with not as much change maybe. But I don't know it nearly as well as you do. What do you think?

LD: The first big change which I think was when they took that horse farm which was down at the end of Glen Falls, because it was acres and acres and acres, and turned that into this huge subdivision. And I bet there's fifty houses around there and closing the pool, I think did something.

BM: What about the interstate?

LD: It doesn't bother us.

BM: I didn't know, everything used to go through Merrimon, I didn't know if that had made—.

LD: I don't know, I really don't. That would be a good question to ask—Betty Moore could tell you all about that now. A good realtor, because she sold houses everywhere. And I covet her house. [Laughter] I do. It's so beautiful. It's this huge colonial with these huge pillars and it's just a beautiful house, just a beautiful house. I guess some of my fondest memories growing up there was it was very quiet, you didn't worry about your kids being out in the streets. And then the neighbors that I knew, the elderly neighbors. Of course elderly when I was six, seven, eight, nine, ten, I don't know how old they were. [Laughter] The Goodmans sold the house and I think the Sherlings were the next owners. Raymond, and I always called her Mrs. Sherling. And I played with her daughter Kathleen, we were about the same age. And I can remember Kathleen told me about the birds and the bees and I didn't believe her. [Laughter] I didn't believe her, but I wasn't going to ask Mama. My first experience with death other than my grandfather and I don't remember that very much. Mama lived by herself because Daddy

died. Mrs. Sherling lived by herself. And everybody kind of checked on each other on the whole street. And Mama was a gardener and she still grew the vegetables, she was still mowing her own yard when she was eighty-six and Rick made her quit. She noticed that her porch light was on during the day so she called me and said, 'I'm worried about Mrs. Sherling,' and I said, 'Okay, I'll go up there.' So I went over there and knocked on the door, knocked on the door. She didn't drive, okay, she always had to have someone drive her anywhere. I didn't get an answer so I walked around to the back of the house and I saw her cane leaned up against the refrigerator and I thought, 'That's not right.' So I called the Asheville Police, they sent a fire truck and a police car and we broke in, the back door had old glass panels in it and we found her upstairs. She was on the floor, she's had a heart attack. So after that, that was the Sherling house, we called it after the Goodman house, and the neighbors that live there now have been there ever since then. Mrs. Moss lived there until she was in her late eighties, the house that she would call me at Christmas and have me come out and Miss Cauble would too. And of course that endears any child to anyone when you get Christmas presents. And it's shocking to think that I'm, next to Betty Moore, the oldest one that has lived there the longest, second oldest because I think she has. I would love to sit in on you talking to her and my cousin Buddy, he'll have you laughing. I know some of the stuff they pulled.

BM: Did he grow up there too? So how is he kin to you, on your mom's side?

LD: Mom, yes. His dad and my mom were brother and sister. And of course I'm five years older than him and I used to terrorize him, I'd turn the lights out on him in the basement. He says he still has nightmares over that one. [Laughter]

BM: What's his last name?

LD: Ray, R-a-y. And I'll be glad to ask him if I can give you his telephone number. He lived in Chicago and worked—he's an animation cinematographer. He went to N.C. State and has done movies and stuff. Crusty old bachelor, he's probably—he's 67, because I'm five years older than he is. Oh, he can't be that. He and I were only children. There wasn't anybody for me to play with.

BM: Now that's something I was going to ask earlier. Were there very many children to play with? Sounds like—.

LD: No, none, not when we first moved out there. And then the first one I remember was my little five-year-old boyfriend, Mrs. Cauble's grandson. They lived in Bakersville, so anytime I meet anybody from Bakersville I ask them if ( ). And the funny

thing is about five or six years ago, I was walking down at the lake and there was there this skinny little guy and this skinny little girl, and I kept looking at him and it was Stevie. He had come back to show her his grandmother's house on Beaver Lake.

BM: So Stevie is the name of Mrs. Cauble's grandson?

LD: Grandson. Stevie Blevins. That was something. Because you know how you don't recognize people, but there was just something about him, you know. I can't think of anything.

BM: Did your mom work outside the home?

LD: She worked at Battery Park Hotel as a receptionist until she got pregnant with me and they gave her as a going away—because back in the forties women didn't work when they were showing—so she finally had to tell them and they gave her a big old washbowl with a wash pitcher that belonged to the Battery Park and I still have that.

BM: Oh wow.

LD: Yes, I do. So they lived on Annandale. Dad worked for Mr. Henderson, the one whose wife shot him, and so after I was born they wanted a house for me to grow up in and she didn't work until probably—I'm trying to think—I was in high school. And she went back part time at S & H Green Stamps which was on Merrimon Avenue where that little restaurant is across from the insurance company. You know where the church is on Merrimon?

BM: Which church?

LD: I don't know the name of it. Okay, McDonald's is here, you know where McDonald's is.

BM: I know McDonald's.

LD: Okay, there's a church set back, then there's the stoplight. Well that stoplight, that store's a little restaurant type, outdoor/indoor beer garden, whatever, that used to be the S & H Green Stamps store.

BM: Is that Avenue M, by any chance?

LD: I don't know the name of the restaurant. Anyway she worked part time. So that was during the green stamp days.

BM: I remember that.

LD: And then after I went to college, she worked a little bit more. Daddy worked at the Ford factory up in Detroit and he hated it because he was an outdoor person and he didn't like people and so he quit there and got a job as a cash boy, or bag boy, or whatever they used to call them, at the A&P Store and within five years he had worked his way up to manager and I've got pictures of him and Mom at the store and that's where she worked when they got married. We don't remember this but back then, in the late twenties and thirties, you took you grocery list to them and they would go back—.

BM: I remember that.

LD: —and pick out the stuff and bring it to you.

BM: Where was the A&P? Do you have any idea where that was?

LD: It was up in Detroit.

BM: Oh, it was in Detroit. Earlier you mentioned that they worked at Grove Park Inn. Did you say that's where they met?

LD: Yes, it was.

BM: Did they talk some, do you any stories of them working? What did they do at Grove Park Inn?

LD: Daddy, when he graduated from Christ School, I think he was twenty-six, he helped build some of those buildings out there in trade for room and board. They had him live in the stoke room, and at night he would stoke the furnace, and in the summers he would haul rocks to build all the buildings out there. But he got a job at Grove Park, he was—what is it when you—food checker? You know how fancy Grove Park is, well back then it was really, really fancy, and he would have this bow tie and black suit on and he would check the big domes of food before they went out.

BM: Quality control.

LD: Yes. [Laughter] And Mom, she didn't finish high school but everybody in her family seemed to go to Grove Park to work so there was a building down below, the women were upstairs and the men were downstairs, so that's where they lived and that's where she met Dad. So she was a housekeeper, cleaner, she cleaned rooms. And Daddy

was the one who looked at all the food as it went out. And the funny thing was, I ended up working there in high school, except I was a lifeguard, a junior lifeguard because I was only fourteen. I can remember interviewing with the guy and he knew about St. Genevieve's and here I was this skinny little old fourteen-year-old, had just finished junior lifesaving and now I was going to save somebody and Mama had gone with me and he hired me. I couldn't believe it. Fourteen-year-old? So my job was the kiddies area and to pick up cigarette butts out of the cigarette sand holders and then I graduated to cleaning the pool and stuff like that but it was funny that I had gone back to work there where Mom and Daddy worked. And they would have to take the trolley car into Asheville.

BM: So even some of this said, hear more about your parents. I'm just thinking that if we go back to your Mom's family, a lot of them worked at Grove Park Inn, seems like it stared in 1914 or 1915 or something like that so it was really fancy then, and of course smaller.

LD: One building.

BM: Yes, the original building.

LD: Oh I can remember when I worked there, I got my lunch free. If I would go into the employees' dungeon, as we called it. I ate there one time and that was it for me. You had to go down this long hall that was underground, I thought it was about the bowels of the earth. It was scary getting down there to begin with, you know, and the food was slop. It was horrible. I was used to good old home cooking, so that did it for me. Anyway. Mom, she was the third of eight children. They lived out on Paint Fork, which is out in Madison County. My grandfather raised tobacco and cattle and drove a bus for Beech Glen School for probably thirty years. That way he could earn some money driving the bus, still do the farming to get his money. And my grandmother ran the post office, which actually was in their house, because there just wasn't that many people out there.

BM: I don't remember, what was your mom's maiden name?

LD: Ray.

BM: Oh yeah, it was Ray. Of course. Because I asked about her brother.

LD: That's okay. My father is I think, the one that has the interesting history though. Like I said, there were nine. They lived in a three-room little, little, little place.

Two bedrooms, a kitchen and a living room. With nine kids. Daddy was born in 1902, so things got really, really bad and they had to put four or five of them in an orphanage for a while and it was St. Paul's Orphanage and it was Episcopalian and as a result, I think the whole family became Episcopal. There's a church out there now, St. Paul's, a cemetery where a lot of the Ledbetters are buried. I didn't care for my mother's father that much, he would tease me and I didn't like to be teased. I just wouldn't hang out with him much and now my grandmother, that was something different, I was always hanging to her apron. But my father's father, he was an old mountain man, didn't have many teeth, scrawny looking, long beard, long hair and I adored him. Every time I'd go out there—he had not much—and he's go down to the creek and cut me cattails, and bring me cattails. And he'd go up in the orchard, because he still had an orchard, he'd find me the biggest apple he could find. Sometimes, I promise you, the apples had to be that big. Of course I was young, my hands were little and the apple was really big, but to this day every time I see a cattail, I almost want to cry because I think of my granddaddy. He was a corker. Played the banjo, barefooted most of the time, sat out on the rickety old porch playing his banjo and chewing 'backer.' And then I would walk down to my great aunt's, who was his sister and she was a spinster who taught school and very proper. Just totally different. Most of my memories around Beaver Lake deal with things that kids don't experience, like having a huge garden and having to go up and work in it, and living with the tenants on the farm, having to get up at 5:30 and take the mules to water and feed the chickens and all that. It's sad that kids, some of them have never even seen a chicken. I wish things could change like that.

BM: You really had a variety of experiences—.

LD: Yes, I did and I think that's why I went into counseling, because I can't stand to see kids picked on or put down because they're in poverty and can't help if they have holes in their clothes. And that was from living with the tenants and becoming part of their family.

BM: Did you keep up with those folks as you got older?

LD: Yeah. There were three. There was Cora Lee and Clifford and and Mac Junior. Cora Lee, I slept with her. There wasn't any heat in the house. It was a two-story farmhouse. No bathroom, had to go to an outhouse. I was just sure a snake was going to bite me. And actually to God I swear, they used Sears catalogs. I promise you anything. One of the things I would sneak and do, because Daddy didn't want me to do it, there was a big creek there and we'd dam up the creek for a swimming hole. I've written a bunch of stuff about this. And Daddy said, 'Don't you swim in that creek, it's nasty, there's

outhouses.' Well I didn't care. I never got sick. We had a pail under the bed, in case we had to go to the bathroom. I slept with her upstairs and the boys slept in another bedroom. In the winter, when I'd go out there on the weekends, we didn't have any sleds, if it snowed we'd take an old box, a cardboard box and that was our sled. We'd have more fun with nothing. Just fun. Anything else—?

BM: One other follow up, Asheville is known for the depression and reversal of fortunes of a lot of people. You said your dad went down and got his money out of the bank.

LD: Well they were in Detroit.

BM: Oh, okay, so I was going to ask about the depression. They were still up there.

LD: After the depression they left and came back here and they had saved their money faithfully, because they wanted to buy a farm. A three hundred-acre farm became available in Madison County, right next to my grandparents, so that's what they did.

BM: So now, I'm more straight on that part.

LD: Oh, okay.

BM: So when did they come back to Asheville?

LD: It was probably in the thirties, I would say.

BM: Because he had worked there, and moved on up and saved his money and was able to get his money out.

LD: Yes, and Mama had of course worked with him at the same store.

BM: In a better position.

LD: I have some awesome pictures from back then. Don't know who half these people are, but they kind of interesting. And I don't really know how much he had gotten out of the bank, I never thought to ask him. It was probably enough to, when they got down here, to get settled in that apartment on Annandale which is off Merrimon, and buy the farm. I think he probably bought the farm, I would say for five thousand dollars, not more than three hundred acres. I remember when Daddy had to sell the farm, it didn't bring anything, I think it was like thirty thousand, and that was probably in 1960. So now

it would be a lot more than that. And the thing that I regret more than anything, is not thinking and asking Daddy to save part of it for me because I would've loved to have part of that. I have a cabin out in Madison County, just because. It's just the other half of me, I think.

BM: Show us your pictures a little bit more.

LD: I just grabbed this article from 1975, these are Daddy's fishing pictures that were made into articles. There are articles, I think, on the back of that one. I've probably taken fifty pictures of different things at the lake trying to capture the mist coming up and the sunset and the moon and everything and I just love taking pictures of the lake. And this is my favorite tree, where is it, oh there it is, it looks like elephant legs. And I'm glad they've made the bird sanctuary up there, that's an awesome thing that was done. It's been hard to give up the privacy of the lake being mostly residents that go down there, with all the public coming in. I don't feel like it's my lake, or our lake, or whatever, it's just a beautiful, beautiful place. It really is. I had an oil painting that I could bring some time, it's probably this big by this, that was done by an artist sitting at Glen Falls Road, looking up toward Beaver Dam and she made some prints and I got some of them and gave them for presents to my friends who live around the lake. It's beautiful. Maybe she would let you make a copy of it or something. And don't ask me who it is because I don't know. [Laughter] My friend, Charlene, who lives near me, she's not a native Ashevillean, but I gave her one and she has yet to frame it so that would be a good one, if it was allowed, for you all to use, like yesterday and today or something.

BM: Well Alice has been taking notes. Are there some things that you wanted to ask about clarifying—?

Alice Helms: We can do it after.

BM: I mean to ask her for spelling or whatever.

AH: Yeah. After.

LD: I still think you need to get my cousin Buddy in here. You won't believe some of the stuff they did.

BM: So, as far as follow ups, for one thing, you can always call me back if you think of something else and we'll get back to you to let you go over this. There are, in this room, pictures that you might want to see.

LD: I want to see the one about that little clubhouse. I thought that was the cutest thing. [LD gets up and walks over to the photograph display.]

BM: There's some cool things here.

LD: [Looking a photographs.] This is Grove Park.

BM: But then I might appreciate your help getting in touch with Betty Moore and Buddy Ray.

LD: Sure. [Looking a photographs.] Okay, here's Beaver Lake. This is the sand, this is the changing rooms, and the place that separated the lake from the pool was way out here, it was just across here, and there were some big fountains there. ( ) The library, I'm surprised they don't have other pictures up here that I have, that my friend Laura, down where they keep them, at let's see, North Carolina History maybe, at the library. Because they have Chez Paul's and the pretty little old rock building for the golf course.

BM: Oh I think they have lots more pictures. They were just trying to put a few from—. These are so interesting.

LD: Look at that gorgeous—.

BM: Beaverdam Road. At Lewis Memorial Park, so was that a cemetery?

LD: I have no idea.

BM: This is taken from near the top of Elk Mountain Scenic Highway.

LD: ( ). [Pause]

BM: Well, I really appreciate it and now about the pictures—.

LD: You can choose whatever.

BM: Is it okay for you to leave these with us to scan and then get back to you?

LD: Sure. Do you want to pick some or just keep all of them?

BM: Probably the older ones of your dad and the article, probably are the ones that they would want to—.

LD: There's articles on the back. Now that's the same one. If you want that one you can have it.

BM: So then, we ought to—.

AH: You can probably end the recording, right?

BM: Pardon?

AH: You can probably end the recording and then talk about this.

END OF AUDIO FILE 1

START OF AUDIO FILE 2

BM: This is Betty Moore, just saying that I did just end the interview with Linda Dunlop which we did on April 5th, 2017.

END OF AUDIO FILE 2

START OF AUDIO FILE 3

BM: Could you say that again?

LD: Oh, okay. I had a great-grandfather. Of course I never knew him, his name was Reb Ray. Reb meaning rebel Ray. Of course Madison County back a long time ago, they took pot shots at each other across the mountains, you know, you had family feuds. Anyway, my great-grandfather, the story is that somebody stole his cow and he went after the cow and found the guy that had it and my grandmother who was getting ready to marry my grandfather, was on a mule somewhere in that area and watched him shoot the guy over the cow. So after that happened they called Reb Ray.

BM: Well, you hear about Madison County.

LD: I know. I love Madison County though. They're good people. They're very traditional, very suspicious of strangers, and if you want to hear some good bluegrass old-timey music, go down to a place called the Depot in Marshall. They have people coming out of the mountains playing down there and it's awesome. Awesome.

END OF AUDIO FILE 3

START OF AUDIO FILE 4

BM: This is Betty Moore. This is the third part of the interview on April 5, 2017, with Linda Dunlop. We thought of something else.

LD: Daddy used to ice fish when he was up in Detroit, on the lake up there. They would cut a big old hole out of this really deep ice and then they'd even have little bonfires and little shanties to stay warm and so he knew ice pretty good. I can remember one time with Beaver Lake, it was so cold for so long, that the whole lake froze over. I mean we're talking about deep ice. I can remember wanting Daddy to take me out on the ice, so I can remember him holding my hand and we walked out in the middle of Beaver Lake on the ice. And I can remember that. It was really cold and the whole lake froze over. I don't think I've seen it freeze over like that since then.

BM: That's really interesting. [Laughter.] That would be kind of scary.

LD: Well I trusted my dad and of course I was a daddy's girl—.

BM: And he knew what he was doing.

LD: Yes, he knew what he was doing. Anything he did, I was right there with him. And I did lose my lose my accent when I was gone ten years. But I sure have picked it up. How do you cut this off?

END OF AUDIO FILE 4

END OF INTERVIEW

Transcribed by Alice Helms

May 1, 2017

MS338.003F Linda Dunlop

MS338_003F Dunlop photo 001.tif

MS338_003F Dunlop photo 002.tif

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It's Time For Bass

A Good Fisherman Doesn't Have To Sit Still During February When The Willows Are Green

Drake's Outdoors

By FRANK DRAKE
Citizen-Times Outdoor Writer

When weeping willow trees turn green as they did during the warm days of last week, it's time for bass fishing. It happens every year. Lake fishing is greatly neglected in mid and late February.

If records could be assembled they probably would prove that more large bass were caught during late February and early March than any other time of the year. It's definitely quality compared to quantity. An angler possibily will not land a limit of bass but if he endures the winter elements, it's possible to catch a bass of the lifetime. Of course, April and May are considerd prime time by most anglers.

Possibly 90 per cent of anglers wait until warm weather prevails and complain they had little luck. There's where the other 10 per cent enters. It's a known fact that 90 per cent of fish are caught by 10 per cent of anglers. Why? Most anglers wait until warm weather. They want to be comfortable. It's usually mid-May before most self-proclaimed fishing enthusiasts take to the waters. By then, they are fighting every known water sport and eventually return home empty handed.

Why wait for warm weather?

It may be a surprise to many that large bass cruise shallow waters in most lakes in late February. These depths may be only four or five feet and knowledge of the shore line is a must. Lakes vary as to angling success. Water temperature as well as lake elevation are determining factors. Lakes not recommended in cold weather months are Nantahala, Glenville or any lake known to be of the "'cold water" variety.

There are exceptions. Fish have been known to feed at any time of the year. An example of cold weather fishing concerns Lake Santeetlah. It was late February and our group caught possibly more bass than ever reported at this particular lake. Night crawlers were the lure and most bass were enticed at five-foot depths. Most were lunkers of three to nine ponds. This continued for several years.

Why wait for warm weather?

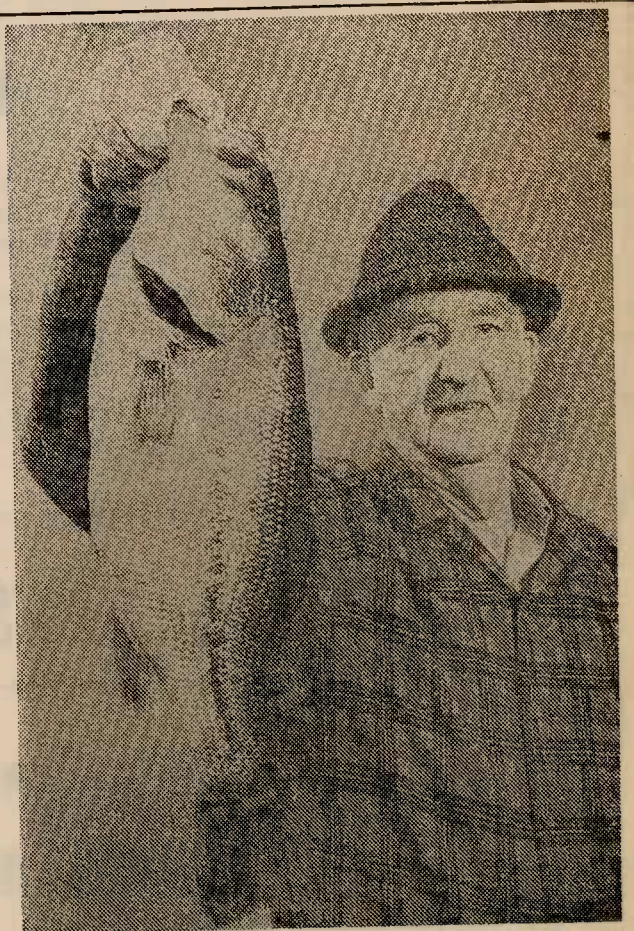
Large bass right now are crusing the shallows in many lakes and this includes farm ponds. Angling for bass during cold weather must be a slow process. A deep singing plug could be used if artificials are in order. The best bet is night crawlers, minnows or lizards. Keeping warm could be most easily solved by any number of outdoor heating devices.

Keeping warm has long been the lament from cold weather anglers. This is a poor excuse for not facing the elements. On hand in various catologues are every conceivable way and means to keep warm. From head to toe, foul weather gear is offered.

It should be noted, however, that nothing has been invented to keep hands warm during cold. damp weather. Gloves of every description are available, but all are awkward when it concerns cranking a fishing reel; keeping the hands and the reel warm can be accomplished by placing a warming device in the boat where heat keeps the oiled mechanism in working order.

If a person really wants to take a chance on landing a lunker, warm weather should not be the element he waits for. There may be times when an angler sticks his rod in the water to rid ice which formed on rod guides. But when weeping willows turn green, it's time to go bass fishing.

Incidentally, a couple of good bass were caught late this week in a semi-private lake. A combination of two artificial night crawlers were used on the same hook. A purple and natural were tossed in the pond from the bank. Bass are feeding now, assuming dark nights and a rising barometer is prevalent, along with those green willow trees.



Beaver Lake Catch

Bryan Ledbetter of Asheville caught this six-pound largemouth bass last week at Beaver Lake with a nightcrawler lure. Ledbetter, who caught a 10-pounder about 10 years ago in Beaver Lake, also had a four-pound largemouth with this catch. (Staff Photo by June Glenn, Jr.)

—Citizen-Times Photo—Shipman

GRANDPAW OF 'EM ALL—Big catches are nothing new for Bryan Ledbetter, of 110 Glen Falls Road, but when he hauled this one in he felt it rated telling about and so does The Citizen. This whopper of a bass was pulled out of Beaver Lake Sunday on a flyrod with a minnow as bait. It tipped the scales at 10 pounds, a pound and a half more than the eight and a half pound bass landed by Ledbetter while fishing on Beaver Lake in 1958. The 1958 catch was believed to have been the record but it was puny compared to this one which will be on display at Finkelstein's on Pack Square.

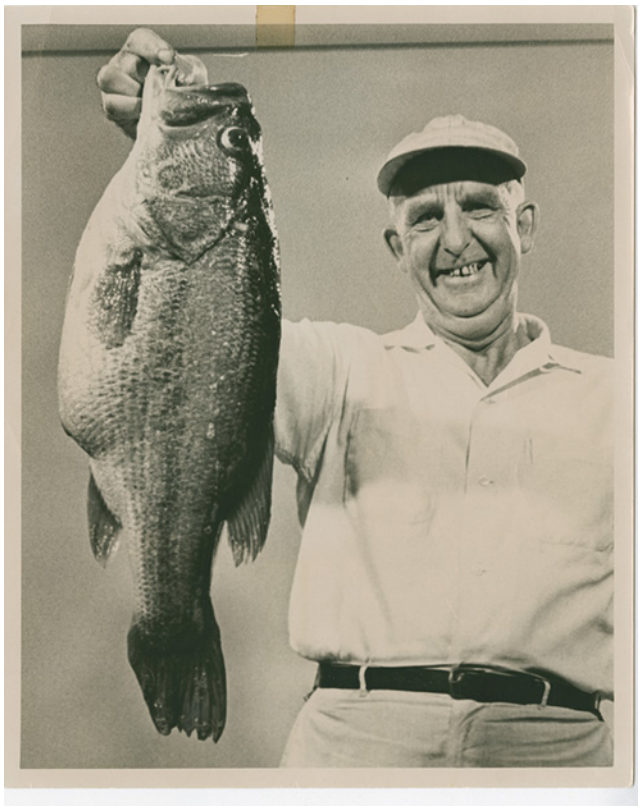
Beaver Lake Catch

Bryan Ledbetter of Asheville caught this six-pound largemouth bass last week at Beaver Lake with a nightcrawler lure. Ledbetter, who caught a 10-pounder about 10 years ago in Beaver Lake, also had a four-pound largemouth with this catch. (Staff Photo by June Glenn, Jr.)

MS338.003F Linda Ledbetter Dunlop (photos of Bryan Ledbetter)

MS338_003F image 1

MS338_003F image 1-back



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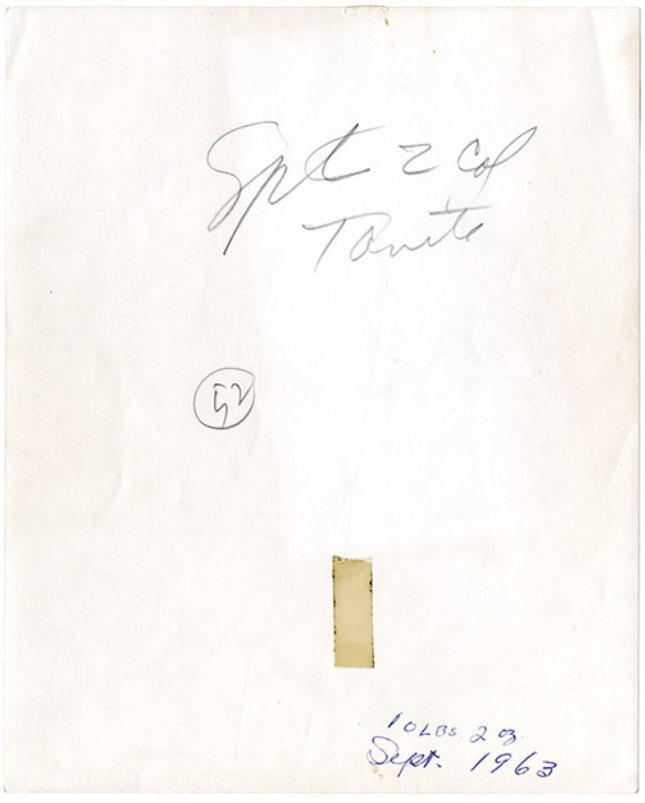

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MS338.003F Linda Ledbetter Dunlop (photos of Bryan Ledbetter)

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